FOURTH YEAR.

EARLINGTON, HOPKINS COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1892.

NO. 2.

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ular meeting of members every Wednesday even ing at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting friends especially in vited to attend. Mas. J. E. Day, C. T. C. H. Hust, Secretary.

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A SONG OF PROPHECY.

This song fell on my ears what time I heard the bells of midnight chime;

I, who come with hands well laden, With gifts for the far and the near, For prophet and priest, for sage and meiden I am the glad New Year. Listen, O world, to the song I sing you-Sweeter music can never be-

Open your hands to the good I bring you

Open your souls to my prophecy. Wonderful ships that, long belated, Have drifted the wide sea o'er, With blessings for which the world has waited

Shall speedily find your shore. The dreamer shall walk in fields elysian, Right shall be lord of wrong, The seer shall give you his truest vision, And the singer his aweetest song "Such treasures as never were mined or

Shall come to the waiting hands; Beauty and truth and love unstinted Shall brighten and bless the lands. Noble thoughts to brave deeds growing Shall see true victories won; The perfect fruit of patient sowing Shall ripen beneath my sun.

minted

'A sigh, if you will, for the king departed, (In the song let the sigh be drowned Then lift your eyes, all happy hearted, To me, the kind new-crowned In sweet allegiance swift and willing, O, world, clasp hands with me; Help, I pray, to the best fulfilling Of promise and prophecy."

This song fell on my ears what time I heard the bells of midnight chime. I dare not say, nor yet deny, That time the words will verify, But this I know, 'tis well to clasp The hands of hope in daily grasp; 'Tis well e'en when we sup on sorrows To dream of fair and glad to-morrows.

Hail, then, to him whose reign must be Blessing or bane from sea to sea! Hail him gladly, O world, and bring Your pledge of faith to the new-crowned

With eager feet to the purer height, Walk in his promised broader light; Seek the gleam in the dim afar, VICTORIA LODGE. No. 84, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS, meets every Monday night in the With love and faith, while the glad bells chime

> Hail him, this latest child of time! CARLOTTA PERRY.

> > CRUTCHY. A Story of Two New Years.

BX EVA BESR. mendicant, and moves me not a stock in trade, their whines, their seem, takes his measure at a glance. plea, their artful endeavor to work My senses being keen, I instinctup one's sympathies; and I move ively feel that Keith does not imsight of a pair of eyes, hollow, yet radiant, lighted suddenly into starry reflectors by the coming of their owner into the glare of an electric lamp, cause me to stop at once.

It is a girl, I preceive: a girl upon crutches. Her rags are manifest, her cloak a farce; a tattered bit of wool is wound about her head, and in each naked, red hand is grasped the cross-piece of a rude crutch.

"Buy my last paper, 'm? All about-" but what she says chills me more than night winds. From her blue childish lips comes a glib should know-crimes from which a seasoned sinner might well recoil--and yet I feel that her own utterances touch herself no more for bear.

"Who are you, child?" I ask. "Crutchy. Won't you buy my last paper?

"Yes; but that's not enough. I-I-" stammering, because I feel that I am about to do one of those puted by my little world at large-Without Change! "I should like to buy you.

"Me? "Not reg'lerly acrost a counter, m," rejoins Crutchy, in quick response to the suspicion of drollery in my mood. "It's as 'u'd be sold, 'm, if you was to buy me. I'd go dirt cheap, though, and willin'.

down the street we tramp together. back," vouchsafed my new posses- culinary art. sion. "He hates me. Men allus hates women, doesn't they.

I glance down at Crutchy in sur- nerves-Connections are made at Guthrie prise. But my surprise vanishes as I note the child is older than I eh, Crutchy? not in stature.

be too drunk to make change! Louisville, Kentucky. I am already glad that I have herself upon a calmning sea.

bargained for Crutchy. My intui-

sponses; but how about Keith? calls me all sorts of fond, nonsens- him. ical names, and, a little later, leaves "My little woman shall have her the club.

"Can't promise, dear, really. legion to be on hand to-night-Parisian mob?

woman?

me to be candid. Let him go to legion-am I not his first thought Crutchy, the quaint. for all those gay Bohemians?

ter, Keith.

pebbles white, the stream a line of I'll put it all-save this fiver-in world. glimmering light? you find that, you-

"On the floor. Debris from yuor to meet my benevolent patron at in this way?" the sun has kissed-

rhymes are not so bad. I've heard against any burglarizing foe. Keith sleeps so late next morn-

grimage to a bazar where ready. morning dawns. Crutchy crawls and exclaimed, "Truly it is he!" made clothing is obtainable, return downstairs, looking white and hagwith divers packages and trick out gard; evidently she has slept as lit- house. The husband took off our the floatsam washed to me by des- tle as have I. At noon we hear knapsacks, the senorita hastened tiny's waves from the ocean of life, the stopping of a vehicle; my hus- to get supper, and the children before my husband makes his ap. band is brought home. We pay came smilingly out of the corners

to my lord and master. She lifts "stump, stump" beside me, and the question in his face, I look at him. God help me!-the answer is there -speaking from the dull, bleared eyes, from the lax, unsteady lips, the breath-but let what I have slowly.

named suffice! "Odd little beast-comic-make I'm robbed! I'm robbed. good model!

"Keith! my cry is ended. With a moan I of the law, detectives, all who can priest? turn and kneel before Crutchy, her aid in the search, come and go--a arm around me, my head pillowed baffled lot. The money is not to

upon her hollow little breast. rious influence that brought to- my husband. Like one touched ment. Then he said- "I do not the constitution, and the left exenumeration of crimes no child gether two atoms for mutual good by a powerful battery, he springs -Crutchy and me? In the hours, into new life, and swears by all that the days, the weeks that pass, no he holds holy and dear, to have intelligence of most satanic nature mother could console me as does done with strong drink. And I this crippled child. The hideous- know that he means it, harm than do the foul waters the her. Her face is a barometer. I the days shorten; and when the sun waxen petals of the lilies they up. fall to reading, and confident am I enters Libra, I feel that the frail

the ascendant. Keith is working pretty hard upon itude. a new picture. Crutchy is his model. When his hands are firm and dearie," thus she pet-names me, steady the bright eyes grow in "but what I could, I did. And very foolish, impulsive things im- radiance, and all their dazzling when I die-" beauty is caught upon the canvas; when they tremble and lose their cunning then Crutchy comes to me, put something in my hand. I hope

bless my little New Year's gift. shorter commons than those to you can. which we've either of us been ever I scarcely hear, so great is my used, is quite the order of our grief; but recollect, afterward, what "It's a bargain," I laugh, and present day. Our last domestic I now promise her.

"Rice is cheap eatin,' and a slice wrote there. o' toast. Tea's to excitin' to the

"Who is 'he,' Crutchy? The home elated. It is accepted and as he goes to my bidding, I with divine assistance, to be her Bernard in the world. The dog's clerk to whom I must render the will be put-upon the line. The de- place the satin bag she asked for faithful and loving husband." The name was Plinlimmon. mon of strong drink had not been in her nerveless hands. close sufficiently to twinkle-"he'd am coming to my old, gay self, the dead, and read:

"Our idea" is the center of at- toled you to putt in my Hand. I stoled i tion never fails me, however mad, traction in the great art exhibition. cause I was frade your hunben would kill Keith laughs, when at home at to a fixed price, and one night it was. god bless you bothe. last, I tell him what I have done; brings the great sum home with

me with my "odd idea" to go to old servants back again; and Crutchy shall have her wheeled "You'll not stay long, Keith?" I chair," cried Keith, flourishing a fistful of bills.

Of the legion, Keith—that old ects, are set upon our lately frugal his solitary house on a lofty pla- licit the favor of their vote and inboard. Fe Ho! Ha mob! You're not "And what color shall be the up- tilian gravity and reserve he palter with a lie—he must have! jealous of the legion, are you, little holstering of the wheeled chair, showed no surprise at seeing them,

I am. But pride will not allow himself to another juicy chop.

"Cantholi has a new idea"-all ha! Well, little woman, it's not fore dark. things to Keith are, in some sort, everybody that has so many thous- But this Spanish reserve was ation. He has to struggle and ideas, -and he means to parade it. ands in the house over night-in. not so impenetrable as it seemed, strive to keep in his hands the "Big canvas-weird subject--'Ring deed, it isn't the safest thing imag- as the travelers soon discovered. of Death,' or something of the sort. inable to entertain this sort of a They saw, too, that some degree are being pulled in fifty different "I like your style so much bet- visitor-did outsiders but know of of indifference might rationally be directions, and preserve his balit! However, I've been carefully expected of persons who could ance and his head amid them all. "What--The willows green, the mum, and we're comparatively safe. cheerfully live so remote from the

desk, I presume. Allow me to the club, and talk over a new idea. "Passersby? There are none. continue: 'The low hills wrapped "Ke-" but I close my lips in Where should they go? To Esin purple mist; the mountain tops time. I should be a criminal to telle. There is a road thither. suggest such an awful possibility Except for the mountain priests, "Keith! Keith! go to your legion as has flown like a devil into my no one has passed except the two are you utterly without heart? brain. "Good-by, old boy, and do Frenchmen four years ago." "She asks me that who captured not stay too long away, for Crutchy "But that was I!" cried Martinit! Oh, come, little woman, the and I are a slim battalion to cope iere. "I and an English friend. We stopped here to cook our

That long, long night my search- game. Do you remember me, ing hand touched an empty pillow. senorita?" ing that I have time to make a pil- Keith does not come home. The the men for their services and turn where they had hidden. Wine, As he and formally introduce her to face our grief of the money has bread, milk, eggs, garlic, preserves, away. As it lay in its tiny coffin, ing friends too seductive; we see it they offered us, and they wished to the sunshine of an autum days whit. They are all alike with their her great, bright eyes, and, it would all, Crutchy and I, and sit there,

story that we, being women, intui- clothes, a man about seventy-five a Marguerite and a bow of white on through the darkening twilight press her as I have hoped—as I tively know. He gropes his way years old, appeared at the door. have been sure—he would. As if upstairs, sober, sad, suffering, and The children to meet him. flowers drooped and faded, and the until the sound of a persistent to find an answer to my unformed has not had time to cross the room "Father," they cried, "here are ever hearing the sound I now hear --- there comes a shriek that resembles the cry of a lost soul. I rush from the red, bloated cheeks, from up the stairs, while Crutchy follows man. "I knew some Frenchmen love and hope and ambition lie

I fall upon a chair, stunned; nor do I seem to awaken from my stu-But the eyes have closed before por for hours and hours. Officers be found, nor any trace of it. But From whence came that myste- the shock and my apathy arouse

ness of inebriety is no new thing to But Crutchy grows thinner, as that hope is near if a smile be in tenement will hold her but a little while longer. She feels it, too, and, It is smiling often of late, for nestling close, tells me of her grat- roaary, my garden and my bees. ance.

"I could not do much for you, "O, Crutchie," I wail.

"I want you to promise me to "Yes. Are you for sale, Crutchy? and there's nothing I can do but I'll live till New Year's dearie, cause preceived. somehow it 'u'd mean more then. My small inheritance is all gone If I die afore, and it ain't too long, Keith's money nearly so, and keep me till New Years, dearie, if

tic takes her leave, and Crutchy "And, then, the last thing, dearie, "He'll be glad if I never come and I vie with each other in the open my Grimm's Fairy Tales, and principals perform the ceremony be at the instrument at the fixed

it, myself, reverently to rest.

"He's gran'dad; but he can't sell seen for several weeks. Crutchy's Keith comes to me, at last, and the certificate of marriage was 'Sides"—and the starry eyes face is aglow with happiness, and I together we open the message from signed by witnesses, short address- poetry about the moon after all.

at times, my impulses seem. I like Crutchy's pictured eyes go to the my new little bundle of ready remy new little bundle of ready re- heart of a certain dealer. Keith, and then giv it back and make him promus though offered a pretty penny, holds to do Right. take it Now and tell him how "CRUTCHY."

HUNGRY TRAVELERS. An Odd Experience on a Lofty Planteau is

the Pyrenees. Pedestrians less hungry than Full of our joy, we women indulge might have been intimidated by With what scorn he must regard There are a lot of fellows of the in a little dissipation; steaming by the forbidding aspect of a man them in his heart! And yet how coffee, and such chops as Keith af- whom the found sitting in front of he has to go out of his way to soteau in the Pyrenees. With Cas- terest! How he has sometimes to Crutchy?" asks our hero, helping and refused to see or give them men! food and lodging. His wife joined "I must sleep on that," says him, and said that if the strangers actor than ever trod the mimic did not stay to talk, but went right stage, and be he sick or sad he has

the desk upstairs, and to-morrow "Here we are, and here we shall cian? It is when one considers "For shame, Keith! Where did I'll bank it, bright and early. And stay," said my friend Martiniere. this question that one is amazed now I must leave you. Promised "Do you always treat passersby to think that any man should think

The senorita examined his face Then they draw us into the kill a chicken to make a soup, and also to cook an omelet.

Next morning Keith tells the An old figure in dilapidated

"It is the priest," said our hostess.

in the time of Louis Philippe. He among those faded flowers."-St. "It's gone! The money's gone! was a good man. I have heard Louis Republic. that he is dead."

"Yes, he has been dead a long

III?" I replied. nothing about them."

and advised us to go there. we asked.

he said.

pay you?"

dollars a year." deal!" The sarcasm passed un- no boy in his play hops naturally "No, I spend it all," he an- Gazette.

swered. "I pay for my board with

these good people, and what is

left I give the children. - M.

France. At a Quaker Wedding.

No clergyman is needed at a Qua- telephone to another city, he must ker wedding because the happy arrange with his correspondent to you'll find something that I've themselves. This is the formula hour and minute. The rule is said repeated by the the bridegroom to be rigidly enforced .- Philadel-"She lives until New Year's eve. at a recent wedding: "Friends, phia Ledger. I allow no hands but mine to touch here, in the presence of the Lord "And depressing to the purse, the dear, misshapen body, but place and in the divine presence, I take this, my friend, Edith Mary Han- a dog was that given by the late North, East, South and West, thought-a great girl, in fact, but The picture is finished. Keith With choking sobs I bid Keith bury Aggs, to be my wife, promis- "Fritz" Emmett, the actor, who takes it to the exhibition and comes fetch the book she loved so well; ing, in the fear of the Lord and paid \$5,000 for the largest St. bride repeated a similar declaration, es from Scriptural texts were made, much as a storm-blown vessel rights DEAR ANGLE UPON ERTH. I stoled the prayers were offered, and the cere- nothing when it gets down to its monny. Youl find it in the Satten bag I mony was ended .- Exchange.

The Politician as an Actor.

There are multitudious small things which, as a little man, one would suppose must press heavily upon an eminent politician. He must be civil to all men-civiler perhaps to the fools than to any. The fools he has always with him -always. The eminent politician

must serve as the especial butt to a vast and wonderful array of bores. How he must despise the large Hector France and his friend majority of his so-called followers! How he must be all things to all

He is an actor as much as any "On the color of the chair? Ha! on, they would reach an inn be- to give satisfaction to the audience in front, if he would keep his situends of fifty different strings which

And what is the end of it? What is the reward of the eminent politiit worth his while to pay the penalties of political greatness.-All the Year Round.

A Faded Bunch of Violets.

"I know a mother out in the west end who has many household treasures," says a St. Louis minister, "but above all her silver and china she cherishes most a little picture frame, not more than four inches square, which contains a faded bunch of violets with a dead Marguerite and a white bow of ribbon

for a centerpiece. "It is an insignificant piece of furniture, but it represents to her one of the most hallowed memories. Many years ago a beautiful baby was born unto her, and after a few gilding its already golden hair, somebody placed in its waxen fingers a bunch of sweet violets, with

mother took them and put them in a little frame. "Probably it wouldn't signify so much to you and me, but no man "Ah, Frenchmen!" said the old will undertake to say how much

The Use of the Right Foot. That the right foot is, like the "And the emperor?" asked the right hand, ordinarily more mobile and at the same time stronger than "Which emperor are you speak- the left might be attributed to the inff of-Napoleon I or Napoleon more frequent exertion on this side, were it not that the peculiar-The good man stared in amaze- ity is said to extend itself even to care to talk politics. I know tremities are asserted to be more liable to disease than the right. He had never seen a railway. The more difficult movements in had hardly of late years been down stage dancing are usually executed to the village below, but forty with the right foot, and it is genyears before he had visited Rome, erally considered that unless double practice be accorded to the "What do you here, father?" left leg an ungraceful preference for the right will be shown by the "Oh, I have my mass, my dancers in their public perform-

Most people tread more firmly with the right than with the left "And what does the government foot. There seems to be a greater capacity for propelling the body Sixty douros (about sixty-five with the right foot; from this the horseman springs, with his left in "Ah, then you must save a good the stirrup, and unless left handed upon his left foot. - Pall Mall

> The Telephone in Roumania. The telephone has appeared in

Roumania, but it is not yet a success because of an official order that, when a person desires to The largest sum ever paid for

Bill - There's a good deal of Tom-There ain't no poetry in

last quarter.-Life.

111 AND 111